

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By BIDE DUDLEY

ELLABELLE MAE DOOLITTLE, the noted poetess of Deloit, was requested recently by Eliza Q. Pertie, editor of the Deloit Bazoo, to define love and hate. His paper had received a query from Poonpohatchie, Tex., asking for the definitions. He, having Miss Doolittle admirably equipped to answer it, he invited her to do so. The idea struck the poetess that she could perform the service best in verse, and she wrote two poems for the Bazoo, one entitled "Love" and the other "Hate." Sunday afternoon she read both to the members of the Women's Betterment League at a meeting held in Hugus Hall and received a tremendous ovation. The "Love" poem follows:

Love is a very great emotion,
It undoubtedly rules the world.
Shedding the dust from your soul,
From heart to heart being united,
It makes the sorrowful very happy,
And brings a sense of right.
Some can be foolish and naive,
And perhaps it will cause fights.
My sister child, Tenny Hinkette,
Broke up a little girl's party.
No knocking down several little boys,
I'm glad you got scolded, little beauty!
But, returning once again to love—
It makes life worth while.
I saw a certain preacher's son last night
Going to Grogan's place for a "smile."

The reading of the "Love" poem caused a sensation at the meeting. Mrs. Pertie, wife of the Bazoo's editor, was presiding. When Miss Doolittle had finished the rhyme she said:

"You have the idea exactly, my dear. Were it not for love we would all be heathens."

"True!" came from Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien, seated in the front row, "but what preacher's son was it who got the 'smile'?"

"Order!" commanded Mrs. Pertie. Miss Doolittle waited until the ladies had quieted down and then read her poem on "Hate." It follows:

Hate is a thing that is very mean,
You should never let it guide thee.
It turns people with sugar very green,
I know hasn't often tried thee.
When the sky is very pretty and clear,
Hate will try to blot it.
I am giving you all a straight steer,
Kill hate the minute you spot it.
My father, Peter P. Doolittle,
Is out of a job again.
If any of your husbands have work for him,
Let them tell him like real men.
Now, as I was saying about hate—
Do not let it into your estate.
I once knew two girls who hated me
And one day I simply hated them.

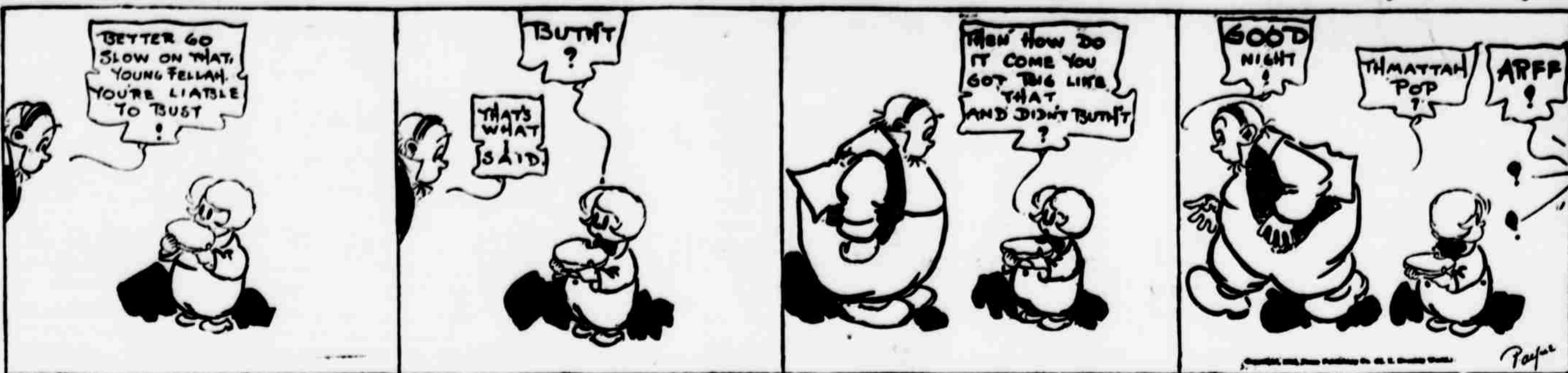
Thunderous applause greeted the reading of the second poem. Miss Doolittle had to bow half a dozen times before the ladies would permit her to take her seat. When quiet had been restored Mrs. O'Brien mounted the rostrum and held up one hand.

"I move to tender Miss Doolittle a vote of much oblige for her 'Love' and 'Hate' stuff," she said.

A motion to that effect was carried unanimously. Mrs. Pertie told the

"S'MATTER, POP!"

By C. M. Payne



HENRY HASENPFEFFER—Jake Then Would Be Cleaned Up to His Sorrow!

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Axel Has Figured Out the One HE Wants to Join!

By Vic



SOME OF THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES

He Couldn't Get In a Word.

BLANCHE met Carolyn at a ball and they were talking of one of the young men.
"I don't care for him at all," remarked Blanche. "He's a regular bore."
"Indeed," replied Carolyn. "Why, I thought he was perfectly lovely."
"Well," said Blanche, "he yawned three times while I was talking to him."
"Perhaps he wasn't yawning," suggested Carolyn. "He may have been trying to say something, my dear."
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Poor Fellow.

A WELL-known clubman was talking about the divorce with a friend.
"The curtain-lift of personal liberty has a good deal to do with divorce," he said. "The husband's personal liberty is curtailed and the wife's is curtailed. Hence, moral degradation and divorce."
"In a restaurant the other night

Auction Pitch.

SCENE—A village concert.
Young girl is announced to sing "Autumn," and, unfortunately, when negotiating the first line, "Ten thousand leaves are falling," finds that the key is too high for her.
There is the usual modified applause when a singer breaks down and the accompanist gently modulates into a lower key.
The local auctioneer takes advantage of the pause by exclaiming: "Start her at five thousand!" —Musical America.

First Night Success.

ALBERT CHEVALIER, the English actor, tells a good story about his early days on tour.
After appearing one night at a small provincial hall he told the manager that he did not expect to get such a cordial reception as the audience had given him.
"What makes you say that?" said the manager. "I did not notice it."
"Didn't you hear them banging their walking sticks and umbrellas on the floor?" asked Chevalier.
"That wasn't applause," replied the manager. "The post office is on the floor above us, and they were stamping letters for the mail!" —Boston Post.

It Wobbled.

TOMMY was at tea with his mother, when she suddenly noticed that he was eating his apple jelly with his teaspoon.
"Tommy, dear," she reproved him, "you shouldn't eat your jelly with a spoon."
"But mummy, I must!" replied the youngster firmly.
"No, dear, you must not. Put it on your bread."
"I did put it on my bread, mummy," exclaimed Tommy promptly.
"But, it won't stay there; it's too nervous!" —Liverpool Post.

To Fit All Fingers.

THOMAS A. EDISON, remarking on a new style aeroplane, said its make-up was, to say the least, novel, resembling the Philadelphia

Record. "It is, in fact, a striking idea. I have seen nothing to beat it since last month. Then a young man from Orange showed me an engagement ring he was going to patent."
"But," said I, examining the very ordinary looking circle, "what is there patentable about this?"
"It is adjustable, sir," answered the young man proudly.

Appreciating a Philosopher.

THACKERAY'S discomforts during his stay in the United States, on which he dwells in his letters to Mrs. Brookfield, were alleviated by some amusing incidents.
After his return he told Carlyle that on one of his journeys the train stopped at Concord. "Then," said Thackeray, "one of the two silent Yankees opposite me said, 'Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town.'"
"Yes," was the drawing rejoinder, "and I understand that, in spite of his queer notions, he is a man of considerable property." —London Chronicle.

Had Him Guessing.

WALTER ROBERTS, the theatrical man, is usually ready with a quick answer to any question that is put to him, but once upon a time he was clearly non-plussed. A woman had approached the ticket window and said:
"I would very much like to know if the show which is now going on is moral and proper."
Walter cast a scrutinizing glance at the questioner, but that was all.
"Why don't you answer my question, young man?" demanded the lady at the window.
"Because, madam, frankly speaking," said Walter, hesitating, "I'm not a good enough judge of human nature to know which way to answer without losing a patron." —Louisville Times.

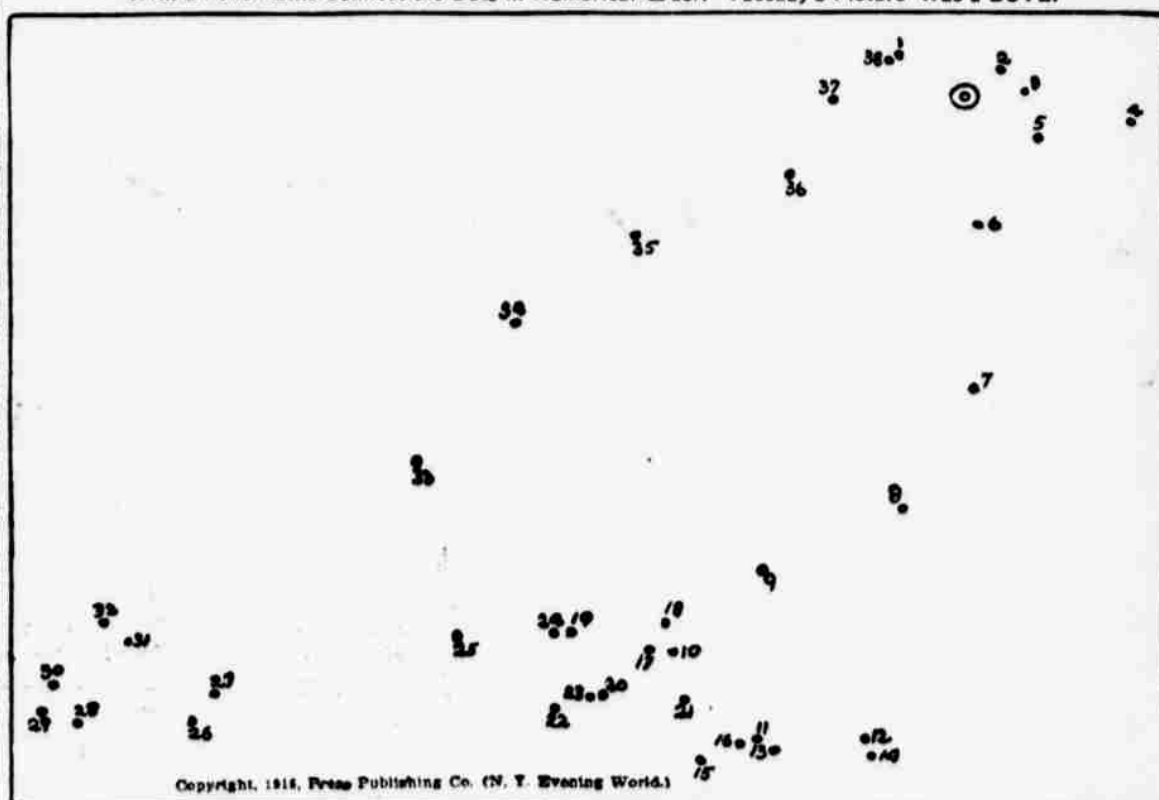
Good Meals Were Scarce.

IN the lobby of a hotel they were talking about equivocal speeches when Henry Hyndor Harrison, the author, was reminded of a little incident along that line.
At a dinner party somebody broached the subject of small vices. A party named Brown broke in with a dissertation on his own excellence.
"Of course, I am not criticizing anybody," he said, "but personally I never drink, swear or indulge in habits of that kind."
"But, Mr. Brown," interrupted one

WHAT TOMMY SAW ON THE FARM

By Ferd G. Long

With a Pencil Line Connect the Dots in Numerical Order. Tuesday's Picture Was a DOVE.



ADDED LETTER PUZZLES.

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No. 2.

THE eleven letters in the squares above have been arranged to conceal a word of ten letters. An extra letter which is not in the original word

has been added to make solving this puzzle more difficult. Using the plan's print the hidden word.
The word in Tuesday's puzzle was "SANDWICHES," the added letter being an "O."

THOSE GIRLS!

By Jack Callahan



YOU!

By Arthur Baer

